

Insane

by A random surprise

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Angst, Suspense

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-07-29 05:45:36

Updated: 2015-02-17 21:08:28

Packaged: 2016-04-26 19:14:13

Rating: T

Chapters: 4

Words: 5,013

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: "Your name is Harry, not Hiccup. You do not have a dragon named Toothless, and I am not your father. " Dr. Stanley said to his sixteen year old patient firmly. AU *Warning Dark fic.*

1. Chapter 1

****AN:** Hello! It is I, A random Surprise! I have decided I needed a fresh start in writing soâ€¦ I deleted ALL my stories, because I fell I bit off a lot more than I could chew. So now here I am re-writing Insane! With the help of my good friend DoomsdaybeamXD. Soâ€¦without further ado, I presentâ€¦******_insane!_****

Dr. Stanly Haralson, sighed before pushing open the heavy Oakwood door that separated his office from the pure white walls of the Hospital. Straightening his work attire he started down the hall, giving a slight nod to fellow co-workers every few minutes.

Finally after a bit of walking he came to a door. He put his hand to a dark green panel, and his hand was quickly scanned.

"Recognizing: Dr. Stanly Haralson." A robotic feminine voice announced. The iron clad door slid open and the Doctor walked in.

He shook his head as he passed the doors of A hall, knowing that Children lay behind them. In a white cushioned room with foam cylinders clasped around there hands to keep from hurting themselves. A wave of grief passed over him as he passed rooms A13, and 14.

Those rooms belonged to the only blood related people in the Asylum, the Thorsten twins. One, the boy Thomas, with severe brain damage caused by being caught in an explosion caused by a diesel truck crashing.

The other, Rachel, the female of the two turned suicidal when her brother was put into the Asylum. She slit her wrists, but was found

by her father, and taken to the hospital. They put her through therapy, and thought she was getting better. Until she stabbed herself with a pencil at school.

Stanly shook his head, they were not his patience, they were Dr. Fredrick Ingerman's. Besides he learned a long time ago not to let his emotions take control over him.

He continued for a while until he came to the most heavily guarded hallway in the building.

Block B.

Only the most insane patience's went here, and in this hall lay the most insane teenager in the building.

Harry Henry Haddock the III.

He took a deep breath before approaching the guard posted at the door, Garfield Benson, or as everyone else called him 'Gobber'. The man had no hair atop his head, but donned a long handle bar mustache. His was tall and burly, as where most cell guards, and wore a navy jumpsuit with various weapons and Tasers.

"Good day Stanly!" he said cheerily. "Is it 12:00 already?" he asked, as he unlocked the door.

"Why yes, Garfield it is." Stanley replied curtly.

Garfield rolled his eyes. "I've told you a million times, call me Gobber. Garfield is too formal!"

"Just open the door." Sighed the Dr. pinching the bridge of his nose.

"Okay, okay, yeesh!" muttered Garfield, as he unlocked the final lock.

The Dr. walked into the bright white room. He looked straight at the small figure sitting in the middle of the room, the poor boy was severely underweight. Before he had come here, the man who called himself a father, had beaten the boy to near death. Harry had suffered from neglect besides these beatings, so his father never fed him.

Steven Haddock, had finally been caught. But not before this boy had slipped over the edge.

"Dad! Your back from the treaty signing!" a cheery nasally voice called out, ripping Stanly from his thoughts and brought him back to what he was supposed to be doing.

His job.

"Harry, I am not your father. I have not come back from a treaty signing." He said to the boy wrapped in the strait jacket.

Harry looked quizzical. "What are you talking about dad? I am Hiccup your son, you know the one who trained Toothless the Night Fury?"

Stanly stole a glance at the one sided glass wall was. He knew for a fact there where about five people taking notes on Harry's progress. So far there was none."

"No, _Harry_ you are not my son. I have no family."

Hiccup shook his head. Tears swam in his eyes, as he shook his head. "D-Dad are youâ€|Disowning me?" he whispers.

Stanly looked at the skinny boy. He knew what was coming, it happened every day.

"Harry-"

"My name is _Hiccup!_" Harry growled. "You are my _Father_, I trained a _Dragon, _and I live on the _island of Berk!" _he growled.

"Harry, Dragons. Are. Not. Real."

Harry's eyes bulged he snarled, and growled like a wild animal. He ripped out of _another_ strait jacket and pounced on Dr. Stanly. He was about to beat the Doctor with his handcuffs, but stopped short. He calmed before saying.

"Toothless! Bad dragon!"

He switched back to snarling for a moment before he said. "I know he made you angry, but he is my dad!"

He was silent for a moment before he laughed and said. "Okay bud, let's go make sure there are not any Berserker's attacking!" he exclaimed before jumping of Stanly.

The older male quickly took out, a walkie-talkie, and said. "Patient 1134 is in need of another jacket, and pair of handcuffs."

*****Copy that!*****

Stanly sighed as 'Hiccup' and 'Toothless' dodged yet another 'attack' from 'Dagur the Deranged' who, in reality was Daniel Dates. One of the guys who helped calm patience's down while Sage Pipes or 'Savage' as Harry called him, put them in the strait jacket.

"So far, no progress" he muttered, and walked off to his office.

2. Chapter 2

Dr. Stan Haralosn leaned back into his leather chair, setting a clipboard on his lap. Twiddling his pen instinctively, he proceeded to recheck the collection of progress reports he was tasked gather one last time before attempting to submit them for compilation. It has grown to become a normal routine for the specialized expert, at the end of every week he would be assigned to gather a summarized testimony on the condition and general state of each of his patients. Some of those reports are decently important in order to keep track of some of his more critical patients' conditions and will be looked

into for general background and sometimes even needed information on the patient in question, though most other reports that aren't for urgent cases are being compiled for the sake of uniformity.

Nevertheless, it was all just like a routine check that is made to keep track of records and stuff, Dr. Stan didn't mind them so much, the week's work wasn't that much anyway; a few incidents happened with some patients but nothing out of the ordinary, it is an asylum anyway so logically one is to expect a bit of commotion to happen every now and then. The doctor made himself comfortable on his cheap leather chair, carrying his clipboard in hand, ready to skim through the files. He began studying through the week's reports for lack of anything better to do, his eyes glided from one patient's records to the other, skimming quickly through the contents of every page before stopping at one particular report that seemingly caught his interest.

The page belonged to the young girl taking residence in room C12.

Jennifer Dubose, the doctor read with little interest. He took a glance at the girl's photo, she looked young;

Too young to be imprisoned within such an asylum, he thought. And true as it is, the girl looked like she couldn't be a day older than twelve, and "merely judging by the picture" she seems to be a young lady full of promise, with an innocent aura surrounding her. Not to mention, she also possesses exceptional beauty; golden locks, auburn eyes, a charming smile. . .

It's sad how cruel fate could be sometimes, Stan mused as he read the contents of the page.

Patient's Name: Jennifer Dubose

Age: turning 13

Gender: Female

Room: C12

Doctor: Dr. Stan Harlesden

Condition Update:

The patient seems to still be making little to no progress in her case, though she still needs constant care and would still have to put on the straitjacket until she is deemed stable enough for the safety of both herself and the people around her. The patient seems to still be suffering from a critical case of Psychological trauma, her condition is worsening by the time and it's feared that she might need a more experienced specialist to look into her case.

Still as it is, other than her unstable state of trauma, the patient in question up till now has absolutely no recollection of any of her memories. It is known that whenever one goes across a (for lack of a better word) disturbing event, the mind automatically removes any memories that could be in any way related to the incident as a defense mechanism in order to prevent post-traumatic stress and

perhaps also suicidal tendencies._

The patient is currently confined within room C12 and is being monitored 24/7 by a team of specialized therapists and psychoanalysts. Her general condition is still labeled as unstable.

Dr. Stan lightly massaged his temple; he's been going through a lot of therapy sessions with the girl but still no progress is to be noted, but the girl isn't to be blamed for that, even the strongest of men wouldn't have been able to stay put in front of what she's been through. Stan recalls going through the girl's profile, he also recalls her state when she was first transferred here.

It was a year ago, there has been a report of an enormous case of mass murders, 37 victims; it seems that all of them were kidnapped and imprisoned within an abandoned building that used to be a run-down school. According to the report, each of the victims was killed in a different way than the others; some seemed to have been tortured before they were killed. The culprit behind the mass murders committed suicide when he was found by the police but his accomplices are still on the loose. The only survivor of the incident, Jennifer Dubose, seemed to be suffering from an extreme case of Psychological trauma and is now confined within Berk's East Asylum. She was a member of a family of six who happened to be unfortunate victims of the massacre. It also seems that almost all the victims were killed in front of her eyes which didn't help the situation at all.

The police are in hopes that she would somehow be treated since she is an extremely important (and the only) witness of the massacre and she is needed in order to capture the remaining culprits behind the incident. So far there is no progress to be noted in her condition, the specialists are still unable to come close without her panicking and screaming bloody murder.

Stan found himself pitying the girl, _she's just a victim_, he thought.

The doctor soon found himself shifting from one report to the other, and again; another picture caught his attention, it was of a woman in the beginning of her forties. Stan frowned, he remembered when she was admitted here three years ago, the reason of her instability is still undefined so she was dubbed commonly insane and is now taking residence within room B3. He couldn't forget the look on her daughter's face when the girl's mother was sent to the asylum. What was the name of the daughter again? . . . Ah, right! Her name was Hofferson, Astrid Hofferson. The poor girl, she's now living alone with her father; she would occasionally come pay a visit to her mother though the girl always seemed distant.

For the last half an hour, Stan would browse through his patient's records, stopping every once in a while whenever something caught his attention before continuing. Being a specialized doctor at an asylum helped him a lot in managing his emotions, when he first started working he would always sympathize his patients and keep on pitying them, but now that he's more experienced he learned to keep his emotions from hindering his job.

The doctor stopped skimming when he reached the last file, the file of his most insane case yet. It was of the boy in room

B6.

Harry.

Harry Henry Haddock the Third.

The poor boy.

Dr. Stan shook his head, he didn't need to read the report to know what's in it; he has already memorized the boy's condition status. He spent a long time, way too long, with that boy; trying to help him.

The poor kid.

Dr. Stan has learned to keep his emotions at bay long ago, but he can't help but feel sorry for the boy. Just like the girl in room C12, Harry was a young lad; a good young lad. He'd always smile when Stan walked into the room, he'd always talk politely, he'd always try and open up a conversation, he's not a bad person, but he's just not right.

Harry is dangerous, not only to others but for himself as well. The boy lives in a delusion; he's convinced that his name is _Hiccup_, he'd always say that Dr. Stan is his father, he'd always act as if he has a _dragon _names _Toothless_. That boy is simply not right. It would've been a mercy if his problems just stop at that, but that kid becomes really dangerous whenever he becomes "Toothless". Stan couldn't remember one session that had passed with the boy without "Toothless" trying to kill him. The doctor doesn't know if it's only him imagining things or not, but whenever Harry attacks him and starts growling like some kind of beast, it's as if the boy became five times stronger and faster. There were a lot of close calls with that kid but Dr. Stan still wouldn't back down, not yet.

Truth to be told, Stan might have had developed a soft spot for his patient. It's whenever the boy calls him _dad_, it reminds him too much of his late son. Contrary to popular believe, Stan wasn't always without a family. Before he became an official doctor, he used to have a beautiful wife and an even more beautiful son, Valery and Hale. They were his life and only family, his son was merely seven, a healthy smart boy; Stan was a proud father and a loving husband, his life seemed to be just about perfect. That's when everything had to go drastically downhill. An unfortunate car accident took both his son and his wife away; he lived in sorrow for a good fraction of his life and always tried to "get over it".

He never was able to.

Stan then decided to become a doctor and work in an asylum, he's always used work to get away from life's problems, and it worked to some extent. He soon learned to live with everything that has happened to him and managed to "deal with it". He'd always remember his wife and son whenever that girl, Astrid, would come and visit her mother.

It really hurt the doctor, though, when he was assigned to Harry's case. The boy looked so much like his son and had the very same eyes of his wife. It hurt him even more when the boy started calling him "dad"; it's been seven years since the last time someone called him

by that name.

Hale . . .

The doctor shook his head, pondering on these thoughts is getting him no where

3. Chapter 3

Dr. Stan walked out of the room disappointedly; his white coat stained red by a gash on his right arm, the collar of the coat was torn unevenly in some places and almost all of the white clothing looked like it was used as a chewing toy for some wild beast; in other words, the coat itself looked miserably unfixable.

And there comes the headache.

Inside the cushioned room, a young boy laid unconscious on the white flooring. Two men, one younger than the other, carefully slipped a straitjacket around the boy's thin form before collecting whatever remained of his previous one. The specialist massaged the bridge on his nose in hopes to ease the forming headache if only a little, one of the doctors assigned to take notes on the boy's progress patted Stan apologetically on his shoulder. He nodded to the doctor before making his way towards his office where he keeps some bandages and first aid kits. Of course he could've gone to the nurse in charge of healing injuries caused to or by the patients but he didn't have the guts to meet the other doctors at the moment.

Not after another failing session with that very same boy.

Once he reached his office, he locked the door and proceeded to wrap his injured arm with some bandages. He cleaned the blood that leaked onto the floor and changed into a new lab coat before submitting to his nagging desire to sit down.

The doctor sighed for the umpteenth time that afternoon, it's not like his day could get any worse right? He decided to take it easy for the rest of the day, he didn't have that much work scheduled for him anyway; all he had left to do was complete some paper work regarding moving the patient of room C4 to Block A. Come to think of it, there were three other patients that were moved to different blocks of the building within that month, Stan didn't know much of the topic himself since most of those patients weren't his; though he'll have to ask about it later, one of the things he hated the most was being uninformed.

A knock on the door distracted the doctor out of his train of thought. Remembering that he locked the door earlier, he got up from his leather chair and unlocked it. Stan wasn't too surprised when he met the person on the other end of the door.

"Stanley!"

Gobber

"Not in the mood, Garfield" Dr. Stan used Gobber's real name to humor the man and, judging by the spark of amused annoyance in the other's

eyes, it worked to some extent.

"There you go again, how many times have I told you to call me Gobber?" Gobber rolled his eyes and allowed himself into the room.

"I'm not supposed to answer that, right?" Stanley asked jokingly earning a fake laugh from the other.

"So how was it?" Garfield asked after a while. Stanley frowned

"What are you talking about?" Play dumb, the best way whenever you want to evade a certain subject

"Dan't play dumb with me" Or maybe not.

"Look Gobber, I â€"

"HA! Ye called me Gobber!" the blonde mustached man announced in triumph.

"Oh lord, please help me" the doctor muttered as he watched his old friend's childish antics.

Dr. Stanley knew Garfield for more than seven years by now, they were both hired in the asylum at about the same time and they both hit it off well since then. It's come to the point where, just like work, Stan depended on the other to distract him from life's problems; it soon has grown to become a habit for both of them to talk to each other, and sometimes throw some lame jokes, at least once a day.

"So anyway, how did it go?" Gobber repeated; emphasizing in his tone how any trick the other had to evade the topic will be rendered useless.

"To be honest, not so well" Dr. Stan finally gave in to his friend.

"Well, I can see that" Gobber glanced at the bloody worn-out coat that was discarded at the very far corner of the room.

If so then why did you ask me to begin with?, the doctor thought to himself, fighting the urge to roll his eyes.

"Heard that it was a pretty close call back there" Gobber continued, Stan nodded.

"Yeah, but I was able to stop him before he was able to bite off my neck" Stan had his hand instinctively touch where the last blow on his person would have been, emphasizing his point.

"Guess it would have turned really ugly if it weren't for that stun gun I gave ya" the blonde man added with a chuckle "and it was you who said that ya wouldn't even need it"

"Don't you have anything better to do?" the doctor asked, embarrassed.

"Nope, the kid's out of it so I won't have to begin my shift until a few hours later" It seemed that Gobber was in full intention to never

let his friend hear the end of it.

"Right" Stan muttered with little to no interest, not even bothering to hide that annoyance in his voice; much to his companion's amusement.

"Well, I trust you've made some progress at least?"

"Not even close"

Gobber sighed; he hated seeing the doctor in such a state.

"Ya know, it is quite a daring case ye've accepted there" Gobber said as he allowed himself to take a seat on the leather chair available behind the desk "I mean, ye dan't see so many doctors so eager to put their lives on the line for an impossible insane case"

"Don't say that" Stanley insisted in a determined if not slightly insulted tone "you can never know until you try"

"Oh, and are ye a philosopher now?" Gobber joked, laughing as he did, making Stan cough out a few chuckles against his own will.

"You'll never change" Stan muttered to himself in a both irritated and amused tone, Gobber has always been that jolly annoyance and good friend for all those years Stan has known him in; never once has he seen the other down at all.

Suddenly, a voice from Gobber's mobile radio device unexpectedly interrupted.

"Gobber, do you read?"

"Anything wrong Daniel?" Gobber took out the device in less than a second.

"The patient in room D8 is resisting, we need your help"

"Roger that" Gobber pressed off his device and immediately head for the door "well then, duty calls"

Stan merely nodded before his friend left the room, leaving him alone once again.

The doctor sighed; it's been a stressful day. He stole a glance at the stun gun that was now lying innocently on the surface of his desk, a part of him hoped that Gobber didn't give him this tool, maybe then he would have finally been embraced by the stillness of death. He could've gladly left for the afterlife where he wouldn't have to deal with life's problems or insane patients anymore, maybe then he could finally reunite with his son and wife and have the life that they've so long hoped for.

No! Such thoughts are the reason why many people get admitted into asylums in the first place! They always start as little harmless "what-ifs" before they grow into suicidal tendencies, and being a respected doctor of his profession; he cannot allow himself to walk down that road, not as long as there's something worth staying for anyway.

What would Gobber do if I wasn't there to stop him from chugging down maple syrup?, Stan thought with a chuckle.

There's still much to life than it seems, and there's still Stan's ultimate goal that is yet to be achieved; the doctor would never allow himself to leave to the other world before he accomplishes it.

With that thought in mind, determination coursed through Dr. Stanley's veins with fortitude flashing across his eyes as a fresh sense of purpose enveloped him.

For the next three seconds at least . . .

A knock on the door has yet again startled the doctor out of his train of thoughts. This time though, the knocks were evenly spaced and deliberate, Dr. Stan had a good idea of the person waiting on the other side of the door.

Not wasting much time, he proceeded to open the door, and as expected . . .

"Doctor, I can't find her room. When I asked the staff they said that she was moved to another room, please tell me where she is" At the other side of the door stood a young girl of assumingly 14 years. She had long blonde hair that was grouped into a thick braid with short bangs covering her left eye, wide baby blue eyes, and athletic features.

Astrid Hofferson is a regular visitor of the asylum, making sure to visit her mother at least once a week. She has always related well with the doctors and staff of the asylum, she's also one of the very few people who are keen on always visiting their less fortunate relatives regularly; usually in most cases, family relatives would constantly stop by to visit the patients of whom they are related to but soon they stop coming altogether after merely a couple of weeks (a month at most), it amazes the doctor how even after three years that girl still wouldn't miss a single visit no matter what.

"Please doctor" the girl sounded worried, the only other time he's ever seen her so troubled was when she found out her mother won't be getting out of the asylum anytime soon, she was eleven back then; still a very young lass.

"Don't worry Astrid, your mother was just moved to another block" Dr. Stanley said calmly "sit for a second, I'll look through the files and see where she has been transferred"

Astrid nodded solemnly and took a seat. Not a sound was heard in the room after that, save for the occasional shuffling of papers and the squeaking of the slowly rotating fan.

Dr. Stanley has developed the ability to notice small insignificant details within his line of work from time to time. Right now, he managed to note the rare presence of a schoolbag next to Astrid's chair, it unusual for her to come visit her mother right after school. She also seemed pretty restless; he could clearly make out the exhaustion in her eyes, is it that she faces problems at home?

The doctor took out the files that belonged to his previous patients; Helga Hofferson has ceased to be under his jurisdiction ever since last week when she was transferred into a different block so he's pretty sure that he's still got her transference files lying around somewhere. It seems that now since Astrid's mother has been transferred into another doctor's field, he wouldn't be seeing a lot more of the lass herself anymore.

What a pity, he thought to himself with a snort. Too bad really, he has grown to think of the girl like she's his daughter.

"I found it" the doctor announced after a moment of silence, he took out a paper compiled within a manila folder "I believe she was moved to Block B, room 3. You could ask the guard standing next to the door of that block should you need any assistance, he would help you"

"Thank you so much" Astrid nodded and proceeded to stand up; she swung her bag on her shoulder and made a beeline to the door.

"Oh, and one more thing" he said "You'll need special permission to enter Block B"

He offered her a card

"This will allow you to enter and exit freely; make sure not to lose it"

Astrid accepted the pass gratefully

"But then" she began "why would you need special authorization to go there?"

Now that I think about it, I've noticed that there has always been more guards and security near Block B whenever a pass through it, Astrid thought

Why's that?

"Ah, no. Actually, it's just that some patients there have attempted escape more than once and so, for the safety of both themselves and the asylum's staff we decided to install a more advanced security there to reduce such incidents from happening" Dr. Stan quickly made up a believable story, hoping that the girl would buy it.

Well, maybe not all of it is made up; some patients there did attempt escape before, though that's not the reason why there's a more enhanced security in that Block. The truth is that there is where they group all the most insane cases, the doctor didn't dare tell the girl though; god knows what she'll do if she discovered that her mother became labeled as a highly unstable case, it's not like her hope isn't diminishing every time she comes to visit and learns that her mother hadn't made any progress yet.

Dr. Stan isn't even sure when it was decided that Helga Hofferson had to move to Block B; if he had been consulted he wouldn't have permitted such measures for her, not yet at least. Nevertheless, it has already been decided and he doesn't have a say in the subject considering she's not his patient anymore so he decided not to bother himself and fill the transference files anyway.

Luckily for him, Astrid believed what he told her and didn't bother with anymore questions, she settled with a simple "thank you" before exiting his office, closing the door gently behind her.

Dr. Stanley massaged his temples; it seems the headache from before still didn't cease to bother him though it is much more bearable now.

It has been a pretty stressful week, to say the least.

4. GoodBye

you are all gonna hate me...probably already do since this isn't an update, just a authors note. All I want to really say is IM SORRY! It's just, I'm not really into writing anymore. I mean I wasn't any good to begin with and I just sort of gave up :/. So I am truly sorry but I will not be continuing this or any other story... But I am giving this story away to anyone that wants it! You could probably write it better then I could even imagine! So after I post this, I am leaving fanfiction...I may come back every once in a while to Reggie something or read PM's but it will only happen like every 2 months so...I guess this is good bye...so bye? D:

End
file.